

"Farallones" Dec 20th 1859

Dear Brother Horace

Your "sermon" of Oct 18th was received by the last mail and upon persuing it. I was rather surprized but finally came to the conclusion that you were troubled with a "sore head" or perhaps rose from your couch on that eventful morning wrong end first. You say you have recieved but four letters from me. Count up again for I think you must have made a mistake and counted two for one as I am sure that I have written you more than three times that number and if you have not got them there must be something wrong in the mails. You say again. "We hear of your (my) being off to San Francisco often." If you do hear so you hear more than I do or else you and I understand the word often very differently. I have been there once in the last 3 months and I expect to go there again soon after the 1st Jany for our provisions are nearly gone and if I do not go in after a supply we must necessarily go hungry. However if you imagine that I am so anxious for money as to stay on this island all the time you had better dismiss that idea from your mind at once for I assure you Horace I am not and if I never see home until I do that home and I will probably be strangers for some time to come.

What may been those "early advantages superior to those which I (you) have had" I am at a loss to understand and cannot therefore argue the point but if you have reference to my Latin & Greek studies I assure you. I consider that period of my life as time thrown away for what has it availed me. I dont know ten words of Latin now and not one of Greek But I despise the "gentle insinuation" and will say no more about it.

Again Father said "he was afraid there was something wrong about you (me)" What under heaven is your idea about me. I think it high time I was let into the secret for secret it must be among you as Father in his letters never hints any such thing and do you pretend to say Horace that he sits down and writes an affectionate letter as though to a good respectable man when he thinks he is writing to a whoremaster or a drunken sot. Father is incapable of such deception and I am ashamed of you for hinting such a thing for if your letter be true you and he have both been guilty of gross deception for you certainly do wrong and are guilty of deceit when you sit down calmly and deliberately and write such affectionate and friendly letters to one who in your own estimation is entirely unworthy of the least confidence.

I am almost callous about public opinion in regard to myself but this touches me in a tender point to think that Father should sit down and write me an affectionate letter while at the same time he talks with you doubtingly in regard to my character &c

But I wont write any more about it for the more I write the worse I feel and if I keep on I may write something that I should afterwards regret. but this you may be certain of I shall not soon forget what you have written for my suspicions are aroused and you know "how great a matter a little fire kindleth." Nous verrons.

I do not pretend to deny that there has been times when I might and perhaps ought to have written home when I did not for my literary attainments are not much and it is hard work for me to attempt to write a letter when I have nothing to write about and this is a